THEFT

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Founded by Jan and Herb Conn

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Vol. IX

May 12, 1952

Number 4

SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME

- May 24 The Mountain Club of Maryland, under the leadership of Francis Old, plans to join us at Carderock for some instruction and climbing. Don Hubbard will be in charge at this end. Come on out and help entertain the MCM.
- May 30-June 1 Memorial Day Weekend Tentative plans are in the making for an-other weekend at Seneca Rocks, W. Va., leader: Johnnie Reed. Ray's trip there May 5-4 was so glorious we'd like a repeat, and those who missed that one will want to be sure to go on this one. Swim suits as well as climbing gear are in order, and caving equipment in case of bad weather (perish the thought).

The Bell of the Evening

A goodly company gathered at the home of Wade, Louise, Alice and Tommy Marshall on May 1, to enjoy an evening of Kodachromes and a delightful ramble through the Clemenceau region of the Canadian Rockies with George Bell. Some of us climbed every foot of the way in imagination with the four members of the party. Some apparently saw only the snow slopes with the eye of the skier. A few gasps of terror were hward at the steepness of the rock and snow and the daring of the climbers. But all were appreciative of the beauty of the country and the excellence of George's pictures. George followed up with some pictures of an earlier expedition to the Coast Range, mainly for the benefit of those who plan to climb there this summer.

The Marshall family then followed up nobly with beer, soft drinks and cookies. We are all most grateful to our hosts and hostesses, and to George, for a grand evening.

GOOD NEWS !.

Jan Conn is in town for a couple of weeks, and promises to be out climbing with us next Sunday.

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UP ROPE

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UPS AND DOWNS

April 26-27. Old Rag Mountain.

Paul Bradt

Bill Bell

Hans Scheltema

Correction to Old Rag Instructions: Those who keep their UP ROPEs should correct their issue, Vol. 9, No. 2, Page 5, by changing "200" to "100" in line 4, and "Saddle Trail" to "Ridge Trail" in line 11 from the bottom.

However dizzy Paul may have been in making out the instructions for the trip, he was on the beam in anticipating that a shelter should be available on an April trip. The trip came in the central and continuous part of a six-day rain. The downpour was sufficient to drown Arnold's car en route and rout an indefinite number of other participants.

Hans, Bill and Paul carried their bedding and supplies up the Ridge Trail to The Reflecting Oven Shelter, arriving in time for a late lunch. This shelter is beneath a flat granite slab 20 ft. thick, 90 ft. long and 60 ft. wide. Large rocks beneath its ends and edges provide an interior dry* area roughly 25 by 60 ft. with an 8 or 10 ft. ceiling, and nearly one half as much with a low ceiling.

The floor of the high ceilinged part has been leveled here and there to provide ll somewhat flat bunks. Eight of these have been sleep-tested by the participants and the Bradt family and pronounced comfortable without air mattresses. In fact, the bunks used by the participants of this trip must have been comfortable indeed, for their users went to bed about 3 P.M. Saturday and were pried out with difficulty Sunday afternoon by their driver.

Why was the driver up so early? Was his bed rough? He had gone to bed in a double down bag. It was too hot, so he had slipped out of his mummy case. In the middle of the night he was irritated to find a lump in the middle of his back. A rock out of place? When he found that it was only the zipper pull of his inner bag he relaxed for another 10 or 15 hours of slumber.

Anyone wishing to inspect this shelter will find fragments of the guide string leading 150 yds. down from the Ridge Trail to it. $-P_{\cdot}B_{\cdot}$ -

* No drips. The only moisture was from people and clouds coming in to get dry.

May 3-4. Seneca Rocks, W. Va. Leader: Ray Moore

Joan AscherJoel GrossPeg KeisterJohn BrehmPhyllis GrossRay MooreJim BullardJerry JankowitzSusie MooreJean BurnstadWalt KaneGerry Morgan	Frank Sauber Arnold Wexler Jonathan Wittenberg
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Ray must stend in with the weather bureau, as he arranged the most perfect weekend we've had for ages. Ray and Susie in their road-eating Buick arrived at the Armentrout's camp ground at an early hour Friday evening. At eleven-thirty, Peg, Joan and Arnold arrived, to find Ray out on the highway searching for late comers. After pitching tents, we enjoyed a midnight fashion show staged by Joan. We won't go into details here, except to say that she outdid a certain model who entertained us on a previous trip.

A restful night and a hearty breakfast put us in an eager mood for climbing. Approaching the rock, we found Jonathan's station wagon beside the road in, but no sign of its passengers. We later learned that Jerry, Jean and Jim had set out immediately upon arrival, about midnight, equipped with sleeping bags and food, to climb the rock, had signed the register at 3 A.M. by carbide lamp, and had taken a nup on top before continuing to climb.

Arnold led Ray, Joan and Peg on the Skyline Traverse, a truly delightful route if one does not object to extreme airiness. Basking in the sun on the South Peak, they made contact with the midnight party, who were then in the Gunsight Notch, preparing to climb to the S. Peak.

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Seneca (cont.)

In camp once more, we were joined by Frank, John and the Grosses in time for supper. A roaring campfire was built, and we luxuriated in its warmth and light while Joel entertained us in his inimitable fashion with folk songs.

Sunday found four parties on various routes on the rock. Ray took John, Joel, and Frank up the west side of the North Peak, and thence into the Gunsight Notch and up to the South Peak. Jim led the Skyline Treverse with Jerry seconding him and Jean pushing from the rear. Walt, Gerry and Jonethan climbed on the ledges of the east side. Arnold, Joan and Peg took the east side route to the Notch, and then scrambled over the easy ledges to the North Peak to lunch and visit with Ray's team. While we were up there, a yellow Piper Cub flew low up and down the valley. We later confirmed our suspicions that it contained Tony and Loraine.

Returning to our camp on the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomec, Joan and Peg recovered from their acrophobia by taking a refreshing (though brief) dip in the ole swimmin' hole, but they couldn't indice Arnold to overcome his hydrophobia. They lingered long enough to see numerous tiny figures silhouetted on top of the Rock, then took off to see something of the beautiful countryside while the light remained. The rest of the group stopped off in Strasburg at the Virginia Restaurant, famous for its huge plates and plentiful food.

Twas a memorable trip, Ray.

May 4 - Cerderock.

Marion Harvey	A Contraction of the second	Al Oakley	Bob Stevens
Tommy Mershall		Johnnie Reed	Jim Willard
Wade Marshall			a second a second second second second

A beautiful day found the stay-at-homes at the usual spot. Elsie's Edgeface was conquered by Marion and Al before a vital handhold was removed by Jim. Ronnie's Leap was climbed by several, including Bob and also Wade, who wants it known that he does occasionally do a climb. At least five people followed Marion across the ChrisWexDon, and some effort was expended on Jan's Face.

Memo to the President: Some disciplinary action might seem to be in order, as one J. Reed was seen unroped half way across the ChrisWexDon Traverse. -M.H.-

May 9-11. Old Rag Mountain

Joan Ascher Jean Burnstad Marion Harvey	• •	Peg Keister Ray Moore Gerry Morgan	Loraine Snyder Tony Soler Arnold Wexler
U		and Berry	WINDIG MEXTEL

May 11 only: George Kamm, Oliver Westfall, unidentified young lady.

At Arnold's instigation, the second attempt of the year at braving Old Rag's climate was organized. Arnold, Joan, Marion and Gerry arrived at the leanto after only one detour (a wrong turn up a dirt road). Marion, being a late addition to Arnold's party, had to provide her own commissary. A concerted effort by the local Whip-poor-Wills to drive the party away succeeded only in ruining an otherwise restful evening. Saturday morning after breakfast (Marion had bread and cheese), a shower provided an excuse for a geme of Hearts. A letup at noon ended the Hearts ^{Session}, and the group went looking for adventure on Old Rag. After a quick lunch (Marion had bread and cheese), the group worked over one short pitch, and were looking over the Hollywood Climb when the rains came. A letup allowed the party to return to the leanto.

Jean and Peg arrived in time for supper, for which Marion had bread and cheese. Late in the evening Ray, Tony and Loraine, showed up. An otherwise quiet (?) evening was enlivened by a midnight trek up the mountain by Arnold and Joan.

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Old Rag (cont.)

Saturday night's serenade by the Whip-Poor-Wills was accompanied by an ungodly assortment of grunts, wheezes, groans and creaking bed springs. Sunday morning after breakfast (for which Marion had bread and cheese), the group disregarded threatening clouds and again tackled Old Rag. The majority of the group worked over the Hollywood Climb in two teams, headed by Ray and Marion, after which the rain materialized and forced a halt for lunch (for which Marion had bread and cheese).

The rain showed no signs of letting up, so the group swam back down to the leanto and packed up, after ted. The swim down to the cars was interrupted by calls in the distance, which turned out to be coming from three dripping hikers headed by George Kamm. Having come over the Ridge Trail and down the Saddle Trail, they faced a long and delightful hike back to Nethers.

In spite of misgivings as to the passability of the road to Syria, our party finally congregated in Warrenton for an excellent meal (Marion did not have bread and cheese). We were relieved to see George's party there, so we know they did not succumb to one of the torrential gullies on the way. We also exchanged greetings there with a large and valiant group of PATCers who had that day laid out a new trail, despite the opened hervens.

New Address: Miss Marian Jackson - 84-45 Fleet Court Rego Park, Queens Long Island, N.Y.

Apt. #92A

Roy Holubar (1215 Grandview, Boulder, Colorado) writes that he has a fine supply of factory-fresh 7/16-inch Filsment Nylon Climbing rope, in odd lengths left from government orders.

Lengths up to 68 feet Lengths from 70 to 108 feet Climbing lengths from 100 to 120 ft. \$19.00

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A length necrest to the one ordered will be sent, as Holubar opens them box by box.